Ætat. 32

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WIT
A
SPORTING
In a pleasant
GROVE
OF
NEW FANCIES.

By *H.B.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE AUTHOR, TO THE READER.

When as our English Poets, those happier men
That can drop wonders from their fluent pen
Have with their miracles of Poetry
Feasted thy eares, and satisfi'd thy eye;
Then turn aside; and 'mongst the vulger things,
Place what my new-born Muse abruptly sings.

The Author to the Reader.

Which though it be but meane (as tis confest)
'T hath ventured hard to pleas thee, since tis
prest:
If thou smile on it, I shall think my braine
Hath labour'd for this issue not in vain,
If otherwise thou do contemn my layes.
My pleasur's more to me, then all thy praise.

A Pleasant Grove of new Fancies.

On a Lillie in his Ladies hand.

BLeſt in thy happy bed fair Lilly lye,
To ſhade thee from the Sun of her bright eye;
But do not in a wanton pride prefer
Thy ſelf, as adding whiteneſs unto her,
Alas what glory could in thee appear
So eminent, if not tranſplanted there?
But ſee, thou fad'ſt already, poor proud flowr
Whoſe fate is limited to one ſhort hour,
And ſince thou wouldſt for ſuch a beutie vie,
Thy conquerd envie makes thee pale & die.
Come ſit thee down, & with a myſtin charm
Craze my incircled arm,
Till lockt in faſt, imbraces we diſcover
In every eye a lover.

Then lost in that sweet extacy of blisses,
Wee'l speak our thoughts in kisses.
In which wee'l melt our souls, and mix them so,
That what is thine or mine, ther's none shall know:
Rare mystery of love, and wondere too.
Which none but we can do:
Nor shall the leaden spirits of all those,
Who speak of love in tame prose:
Believe our joyes; but duly censure us,
Onely for loving thus.
Ah! how I smile, that doubtly blest, we do
Injoy our selves, and all their envy too.

His Choyce.

WHat care I though she be faire
Hair snow-like, or Sun-like eye,
If in that beauty I not share,
Were she deformed, what care I.
What care I though she be foule
Haire, swarthy hand, or Sun-burnt eye,
So long as I enjoy her soule,
Let her be so, why what care I.
Dim sight is cozened with a glass,

Of

Of gaudy govvn or humerous haire,
Such gold in melting leave more droſs
Then ſome unpoliſh't prices ſhare,
Be ſhe faire, or foule, or either,
Or made up of all together,
Be her heart mine, haire, hand, or eye
Be what it will, why what care I.

To his Miſtreſs when ſhe was going into the Country.

YEs, yes, it muſt be ſo, but muſt there be,
When you depart, no memory had of me,
My ſoule being rack't as large a diſtance too
To meet you there, as I muſt be from you,
While the glad ſpring for joy you [illegible] ſeen
Meet your approach, and cloath [illegible] greene
And the freſh morning to ſaſute your riſe,
Bedevves the ground from it's o're joyed eyes,
For joy like grief, vve knovv, ſometimes appearcs,
Writ on our cheeks, vvith characters of teares.

Go and be happy, go, and vvhen you ſee
The truſty Ivy claſp it's much loved tree,
And vvith it's amorous intvvinings cover
The vvelcome vvaſte of it's imbraced lover:
Think it our Embleme then, and prov'd to be
The happy ſhadow of my love and me,
Go and be happy, and when ſome ſvveet brooks
(Calme as thy thoughts, and ſmooth as are thy looks)
Show thee thy face, then let thy thoughts ſupply,
And though I be not, think that I am by;
For if the heart be taken for whole man,
I muſt be by thee, be thou where thou can.
Go and when ſome pretty birds on ſome ſmal ſprey,
Neer to thy window welcome in the day:
Awake, and think, when their ſweet notes you heare,
I was before-hand, and had ſung them there.
Go, and whare're thou chance to heare or ſee,
Be it bird, or brook, or ſhade or tree,
If it delights thee may my ſoule in it
Move thy true joyes under that counterfet.
So, aſke not how I do when you are there,

For at your mercy well or ill I fare
For now me thinks my heart so high doth swell,
It must inforce a breath, farewell, farewell.

The Knell.

When the sad toling of my bell you heare,
Think tis some Anfels trump, and judgments neere,
Then if but to repent, you take the paine,
Your judgments past, lie down and sleep againe.

The Perfume.

Not that I think thy breath less sweet than this,
Thy breath, in which no pleasant sweets I miss,
Not that I think thy white, than this less faire,
Thy white, to which all whites but blackness are:
Not that I think thy heart, than this less pure.
Thy heart, which no dull mixture can indure,
Send I this to thee, but as gold well try'd,
Admits allay when it is purify'd,
So by this foile I would to thee in part
What is thy breath, thy whiteness, and thy heart.

Thy breath, all perfumes, doth as far out go,
As doth thy whiteneſs, the deſcending ſnow;
The ſnow deſcends, but by the winds being blowne,
Thy ſweeteſt breath, & whiter ſnows, thine owne:
Thy heart leſs mixt than the ſole Phœnix bed,
Proclaimes thee miſtreſs of a Maiden-head,
And ſo there were no aſhes after fire,
Would that ware conquer'd in my loves deſire,
But if there be, why can it not ſuffice?
That one being dead another Phœnix riſe.
Thy maiden-head being gone, we ſtill ſhall prove;
Both being one unparalell'd in love:
But I have ridd'd, let me now unfold,
What is the perfume, what the ſnow, what gold:
All this, and each of theſe, thou know'ſt thou art,
And I ſhould know more, did I know t'y heart.

To his Miſtreſs on her ſcorne.

Reſolve me deareſt, why two hearts in one
Should know the ſin of ſeparation.
Muſt the ſweet cuſtome of our oft ſtolne kiſſes,

Be

Be loſt, and we live empty of thoſe bliſſes:
Or do the frowns of ſome old over ſeer
Nouriſh thy feare, or make thy love leſs
ſteer?
Why did'ſt thou ſuffer me thoſe ſweets to
ſteal:,
Which but thine own, no tongue can e're
reveale,
And prompt me to a daring to believe,
That my ſad heart ſhould finde no cauſe to
grieve,
Yet now at laſt haſt mockt my hope ſo far,
That I have not a cloud, though meant a
ſtar
Well, take thy tryumph, ſtudy but to be
True to thy ſelfe, as thou art falſe to me.
And thou ſhalt meet a conqueſt, yet when I
Have groan'd unto the world my Elegy,
And thy unjuſt diſdaine, perhaps I ſhall
Obtaine this honour in my funeral.
Thy poyſonous guilt mixt with thy purged
breath,
May make thee wither with me unto death.
So ſhall I triumph in my aſhes too,
In that my innocence hath conquer'd you,
And then my eye rejoyce, in that I have
Thy ſcorne, to be a mourner at my grave.

The Queſtion and Anwſer.

WHen the ſad reins of that face
In it's own wrinkles buried lyes,
And the ſtiff pride of all it's grace
By time undone, falls ſlack and dyes:
Wilt not thou ſigh, and wiſh in ſome vext fit,
That it were now as when I counted it.

And when thy glaſs ſhall it preſent,
Without thoſe ſmiles which once were there,
Shewing like ſome ſtale monument,
A ſcarce departed from it's haire,
At thy ſelfe frighted wilt not ſtare and ſweare
That I believed the, when I call'd thee faire?

Yes, yes, I know thou wilt, and ſo
Pity the weakneſs of thy ſcorne
That now hath humbled thee to know,
Though faire it was, it is forlorne,
Loves ſweets, thy aged corps, embalming not
What marvel if thy tarkaſe beauty rot.

Then ſhall I live and live to be
Thy envy, thou my pity; ſay

When

When e're thou see me, or I thee,
(Being nighted from thy beauties day)
Tis he, and had my pride not wither'd me
I had, perhaps, been still as fresh as he.

Then shall I smile and answer: true thy scorne
Left thee thus wrinkled, slack't, corrupt, forlorne.

To his Worthy friend and Mistress.

I charge thee by those eyes of thine,
Give me my heart:
Those eyes that stole it out of mine,
I felt the smart.
And least the theft you should deny,
Look where you keep it in your eye.

And now I have espy'd it there,
Thinking to catch it,
You chaine and winde it in your haire,
But still I watch it
And so got loose from thence, it flyes,
And sports agen upon your eyes.

Though now to cozen me you seek
Thinking to hide
Yet in the dimple of your cheek

I have discry'd:
How now discovered it doth skip
Twixt the soft prison of each lip.

Yes, yes, I see it stealing, go
Least I should find it,
Through the long gallery of snow,
And still I minde it.
How you have shufled it between
Your breasts, not thinking it is seen.

See, see, I see it creeping in
(neer you I feare)
Through the small crannies of your skin
to shelter there.
As if that vaile could cosen me,
Alas, I know things I not see.

But if not eye, nor haire, nor cheeks,
Nor lip, nor breast, nor heart it keeps:
Give me them all, for every part
Thou hast, has part of me; my heart.

To his Mistress.

While as the locks of time, and smoother far
Than sliding streames skin and tresses are.
Sweet as Arabian Odours, when in fire

Their

Their strugling spirits upwards do expire.
(When as the courteous wind doth court our
sence,
And nourish it with sweet intelligence)
Is thy pure breath; only this difference know,
That sent is forc't, but thine is natural so
Soft as the plumy moss that overspreads
The tender circle of young Turtle heads,
Are thy two breasts, which enviously do swell,
To think that that should this, this that excell:
And yet asham'd such strife their pride hath
bread,
Both blush and tip themselves with bashfull
red.
Typs, locks, streams, odours, down, nor blushes
are
So red, so sweet, so smooth, so faire.

Anagramme.

I value my Learning,

Well mayest thou value at the highest price
That plant, and makes the braine a Paradice:
Those rare excellent the Iems most
bright
But cloudy are, and sollid gold too light.

The

Maides and Wives.

Maides are white papers, which no hand doth
bind.
But Wives are blotted bookes, and interlin'd.

A drunken brabler.

Who onely in his Cups will fight, is like,
A Clocke that muſt be oyl'd well, ere it ſtrike.

Loves Motion.

Kind Love, whoſe motion deepe affection
ſhowes.
From th' outward ſence to th' inward Cen-
tre goes.

On Church bells.

Some Novelliſts, that conſcience moſt pre-
tend,
With Caps and Surpliſſes themſelves offend;
Others dare raile at other matters elſe,
As at the Ring, but few againſt the Bells:
Which ſhould they taxe, the Ropes would
undertake.
To anſwer for them, and all quiet make.

Fools

Fooles Paradise, or Reason Bewitcht.

---& apta
Spicula sent nobis paris---

Simple as are the Elements unmixt,
Stedfast as is the earth, whose footing's fixt,
Untainted like the silver suite of Swan,
Alone like truth, well ordered like a man,
Like these in each of these was I, untill
Upon a time, Reason fell foule with Will,
Who back't with sence, that it might battaile move,
Implor'd the ayde of all commanding Love,
Love by his mother taught, doth soone comply,
To be an Actor in this treachery.
The battell's wag'd, and reason fleye the field,
While Sence and Will to Love the Conquest yeeld.
I now, loves subject, am inforcit to doe
What ever his designes commands me to do;
See, see (quoth hee) do you behold that maid,
Whose equall doth not breathe; and there he staid,
To draw fresh aire, So quicke was he to give Mee

Mee notice that I muſt no longer live,
In my owne ſelfe, but her whom when I
ſpy'd,
Mee thought I had been happy to have dy'd
Since I at once ſaw ſeverally in one,
What joyn'd together made perfection.
This was Florella that bright ſhining ſtarre,
Who might have cauſed a ſecond Trojan
warre,
Were there a ſecond Paris, for her face,
The world might ſtrive, but then there ſate
a grace
So chaſt that might expell each ſpurious
thought,
Such as foule Hellen to her Paris brought.
There I might read in my Florella's lookes,
(Such are indeed beauties moſt perfect
bookes)
Loves pleaſant Lecture where I might eſpie
How Cupid once fought entrance at her eye
Whom ſhe repell'd, like ſnow and chaſt and
cold
Could not admit a Sympathy to hold.
With his hot flames, but melting quite put
out
That ardent fire which warm'd her round
about.
Cupid denied of this did backward ſtart,

And

And ran for haſt to hide him in her heart,
Where he renewed freſh flames, and by
delay,
So ſcorcht his wings he could not fly away
Thus force perforce in her my conquer'd
breaſt
Is the poore Inne of ſuch a God-borne
gueſt,
Whom while I harbor, it is hard to tell
Whether his preſence be a Heaven or Hell.
Such pleaſurable paine, ſuch painfull plea-
ſure
Sometimes below, and ſometimes above
meaſure.
Mars on a time forſook his Venus bed,
Proteſting he no longer would be led
To theſe embraces, which like Circles
charmes,
Made him forget th' Heroicke uſe of Armes.
Venus heard this whiles halfe in anger ſhee
Did thruſt her darling Cupid off her knee.
Downe falls the youngſter and in falling ſo
Broke all his Arrows, quiver and his bow,
His grandame Nature pittying the miſ-
chance,
Wipes the wagges eyes, told him ſhe would
advance
Him to his former office: for a dart

That

That should transfixe the most obdurate heart.
She would create an eye, and for a bow
She'd make a brow, whose art inclining so
Should shoote such shafts, that deity should yeeld (field,
Themselves glad prisoners in the maiden
When streight she made Florella, such a maid, (said
Who being nam'd, need there ought else be
'Tis not long since that I heard Lovers whine (Mistris eyne
At whose deep wounds, which from their
They bleeding had receiv'd, cause they could winne
No mercy from them, whilst I thought some pinne
Had scratch'd their tender hands, till I too late
Grew sensible they were unfortunate
In their lost loves, cause when Florella
Shee like a Commet strucke mee to the ground,
Till shee was pleas'd to cleare her glorious eyes, (to rise.
Which summon'd mee from death to life
Wherefore you speedy Merchant doe you runne

Be-

Beyond the bounds of the all-bounding
Sunne,
To seeke for Rubies, Pearle, and Ivory,
Adventuring hazard both of Land and skie,
When my Florella can afford all this
Without your search in the tumultuous
Seas.
Rubies and Pearle, her lips and teeth, her
skinne,
Like hollow Ivory, lockes those gems
within,
For which you fondly up and downe doe
rome
When you may better find this wealth at home,
What would the Northerne Climate hold too
deare
To purchase my Florella to live there?
That where the niggard sute denies to shine,
They might receive more lustre from her eyne.
But that I know she loves Religion best,
She had long since, seene India the West,
But least those Pagans who adore the rise
Of the bright Sunne, should doate upon her
eyes,
She was resolv'd to stay; wo had I bin
Had she gone thither to encrease their sinne.
East India nothing holds that's worth her
view,

There's nothing there, that ſhee can take for new,
Their aire-perfuming ſpices, pretious gum,
Their fragrant odors, pleaſants, Cinamum
All theſe and ſweeter farre, ſhee breathes whoſe ſmell
Doth all things but it ſelfe, highly excell:
Once to my friend I did theſe lines rehearſe,
Who ſtreightway ſmil'd and did applaud my verſe.
But Ah! I feare 'twas my Florella's name
That brib'd his tongue, ſo to belie my fame.
Once, and but once I chanc'd to have the ſight
Of my Florella, who makes darkneſs light:
When leaden Morpheus did her ſence ſur-
In the lock't casket of her cloſed eys, (prize,
Faine would I ſteale a kiſſe, but as I ſtrove,
Thoſe ſcarlet Judges of my ſleeping love
Did ſwell againſt my pride, and angry red,
Charg'd mee ſtand back from her forbidden bed: (ſmother.
While they her precious breath did ſeem to
Each privately did ſteale a touch from the other,
I envious at their new begotten bliſſe
Was bold on her ſoft lips to print a kiſſe,
At which ſhe wak't: And have you ever ſeene

How

How faire Aurora, heavens illustrious queene.
Shakes off her sable Robe, and with a grace
Smiles in the front of a faire morning face.
Just so my love, as if night had beene noone,
Discards the element of the uselesse moone:
And from her glorious tapers sent a fire,
To light the darkest thoughts to quicke desire.
While thus from forth her rosall gate she sent,
Breath form'd in words, the marrow of consent.
And have you Sir, at such a tempting time
Betrayd my honour, to this welcome crime,
By stealing pleasure from me, 'twas thy love
I know, that did thee to this trespasse move
For I have prov'd thy faith which since I finde
The trustry Inmate of a loyall minde,
Of force I must except it; and in part
Of recompence, afford thee all my heart,
Thus having ceaz'd my prize; I told her,
sweet
As by no fouler name we ere may greete,
So what is mine I tender, all my selfe,
The poorest part of thy unvalued wealth.

Thou haſt won much in this, thy mercy
ſhowne,
That thus at laſt thou doſt receive thy owne:
Leaſt they who after me like fare ſhall
prove,
Should ſay, See what it is to be in Love.

I am in portu.

Loves Apoſtacy to his friend Mr. *E. D.*

Tut, let her goe, can I indure all this,
Yet dye, to doate upon a maydens kiſſe?
Is there ſuch Magicke in her lookes, that
can,
Into a foole, transfigurate a man?
Didſt thou not love her? true: and ſhee
diſdaine
To meete thy vertue? let her meete her
ſhame.
Were ſhe as faire as ſhe her ſelfe would be,
Adorn'd with all the coſt of bravery:
Could ſhe melt hearts of flint, and from her
eye
Give her beholders power to live or die.
I'de rather begge ſhe would pronounce my
death,
Then be her ſcorne, though that preſerv'd
my breath

Riſe heart and be not foold; S'foot
what a ſhame
Were it for thee to re-incence one flame
From the declining ſpark! doſt thou not know
As ſhees a woman, her whole Sex doth owe
To thine all honor? her falſe heart & pride
Dare not oppoſe thy faith; then
turn high tide,
And let her (ſince her ſcorn doth ſo
diſeaſe thee)
By her repentance ſtrive again to pleaſ thee.

The broken-heart-ſong.

COunt the ſighs, and count the tears,
Which have in part my budding yeers;
Comment on my woful look,
Which is now black ſorrows book.
Read how love is overcome,
Weep and ſigh, and then be dumb.
Say it was your charity
To help him whoſe eyes are dry.
Here paint my *Cleora's* name,
Then a dart, and then a flame;
Then mark how the heart doth fry
When *Cleora* is ſo nigh:
Though the flame did do its part,
Twas the name that broke the heart.

Peace no more, no more you need,
My sad History to read.
Fold the Paper up agen
And report to other men,
These complaints can justly prove
Hearts may break that be in love.

Women are mens shadows.

I.

FOllow a shadow, it flies you,
Seem to flie it, it will pursue.
So court a Mistris, she denies you,
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly then
Stil'd but the shadows of us men?

II.

At morn and even shades are longest,
At noon they are, or short or none:
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, th'are not known.
Say are not women truly then
Styl'd the shadows of us men?

Women are not mens shadows. E, Contra.

1.

THe Sun abſented, ſhadows then
Ceaſe to put on the forms of men:
But wives their husbands abſent, may
Bear beſt their forms (they being away)
Say, are not women falſly then
Still'd but the ſhadows of us men.

2.

Shadows at morn and even are ſtrong,
At noon they are, or weak or none;
Women at Noon are ever long,
At night ſo weak they fall along,
Say, are not women falſly then
Still'd but the ſhadows of us men?

3.

As bodies are contracted, ſhadows ſo
Contract themſelvs to forms as bodies do:

Let men be bounded nere so close, I wist,
Women wil rove and ramble where they list.
Say, are not women falsly then
Stil'd but the shadows of us men?

An Epigram.

To himself of his Mistris.

WHat though thou merit not? why know there lies
Vail'd in the courteous candor of her eyes,
A saving mercy, that can lend a wing
For dul despair to mount on, tis a thing
Beyond the common reach, to know how sweet
He lives, that doth in death a pardon meet.
But thou art poor; true, but her better part
Nere lookt upon the habit, but the heart.
Shee that has vertue cannot dote on those,
Whose best perfection is a sute of clothes.
Who court th' attracting beauties of the age
With some con'd stuff brought from the Cockpit stage:
Or gull their Mistris by some Poeme shown,
Which,

Which, 'cauſe they paid for, they dare call
[their own,
When, if their brains were ranſackt, you
[might know
They nere commenc't beyond their Criſſ-
[croſs-rowe.
Then hope (poor heart) and ſtrongly that
[ſhee will
At laſt imbrace thee, for ſhe hath the skill
To ſchool thee firſt with frowns, that ſo
[her favor
May, when ſhe ſmiles, laſt with the greater
[favour.

Another Epigram.

To his Superlative Miſtris.

COmpare the Bramble to the ſtately Pine;
The fruitles Thiſtle to the vertuous Vine;
Compare the Charcole to the ſnow-white
[Down,
The wreath of Ruſhes to th'Imperial crown.
Compare the Raven to the turtle Dove,
The Moors of India to the queen of Love.

Com-

Compare the Candle to the ſplendent Moon
The fogs of night, to *Phœbus* eye at noon.
Compare the Kite to ſweet-breath'd [*Philomel*,
The Lerman Lake to th' *Helliconian* Well,
If theſe admit compariſon, then ſhe
That can admit of no equalitie,
May find a parallel; but let ſome men
Rack their dul brains to praiſe their Miſtris [when
The utmoſt of their language they have ſpen
Let them ſit down and ſigh, and be content
Their Idols eyes to Sunbeams to compare,
Or by the roſe her blaſed lips declare.
My Miſtris muſt beyond their Saints, ſurvive
In that unequald height, Superlative.

Of one Mary Frail, *who lay with Mr.* Reaſon.

MAry was long deſirous for to marry,
And vow'd that paſt fifteen ſhe would (not tarry;
I am ſure this vow of modeſty did faile;

Ala

To quaver on her lips even in her ſong.
Or if one touch the Lute with art & cunning,
Who would not love thoſe hands for their
ſwift running?
And her I like that with a majeſty
Folds up her arms, and makes low courteſie;
To leave my ſelf, that am in love with all,
Som one of theſe might make the chaſeſt fall:
If ſhe be tall, ſhe's like an *Amazon*,
And therefore fills the bed ſhe lies upon.
If ſhort ſhe lies the rounder, to ſay troth
Both ſhort & long pleaſe me, for I love both.
I think what one undeckt would be, being
(dreſt,
Is ſhe attired, then ſhew her graces beſt.
A white wench thralls me, ſo doth golden
(yellow,
And nut-brown girls in doing have no
(fellow.
If her white neck be ſhadowed with black
(hair,
Why ſo was *Leda's*, yet was *Leda* fair:
Amber treſt is ſhe, then on the morn think I
My Love alludes to every Hiſtory:
A young wench pleaſeth, & an old is good,
This for her looks that for her woman-hood.
Nay what is ſhe that any man loves,
But my ambitious ranging mind approves.

The

The new Petition.

Apollo once disdained not to keep,
So he might keep, his love Admetus
sheep:
The distaff *Hercules* did excercise,
T'extract a smile from his deare Ladies eyes:
Olympick Joan disdained not to take
A bulls effigies for *Europus* sake:
Achilles fitter far to deale with steel,
Did labour for his Mistress at the reel.
Love spar'd *Leander* his pledg'd faith to save;
Died, hugging in his armes the murdring
wave:
Whil'st a new death his *Herve* doth devise,
And drownd her selfe ith Ocean of her eyes.
By *Pyramus*, the world did understand
That love and life, lay linked hand in hand.
When one was lost in *Thisbe*, th'other flew,
Through the peirc't portals of his wound,
yet new.
Which when his Thisbe saw, tis hard to say,
VVhose spirit posted fastest on the way.
Thus some dejection, others did invade
Great opposition, and have willingly laid
Their lives at needless hazzard, some have
died,
And

nd ſo have to the utmoſt ſatisfied
hat tyrant love could force, & beyond this,
he great and true *non ultra* fixed is.
et happy this, ſince whatſoe're they tried,
as on their Miſtreſs part regratified.
h who would, when he ſaw an equal flame
f love in her he lov'd, owe ſo much ſhame
to eſteem his life, if her leaſt grief,
id but invite his blood for her reliefe
ut this forenamed courteous Ghoſt can bear
le-witneſs, I have ſhed full many a teare,
oke the beſt language, Rhetorick affords.
imb'd out my heart even to the life in words,
Would, what they did, did like occaſion proffer,
nd till that, do I can no more, but offer.
nd yet for all my ſufferings, ſhe that is,
f I dare reach to call her ſo, my bliſs,
lights all my ſorrows; Oh weat eye could now
orbear to yeeld a tear, when ſeeing how
love, I am neglected weep with me
ll you that read my wrongs, ſo if you be
ompaſſionate, perhaps your tears may move
he frozen Mercy of my ice-white love.

Which

Which if they do, if you at any time
Shall want a drop, I'le lend you ſome
mine:
Methinks I ſee you weep dear Miſtreſs, the
Behold a Noble ſea of pittying men
Doth waft me to your favour, if you daign
Yes now at laſt to eaſe me of my paine,
This glory ſhall unto your mercy riſe, (e
That you haue wip't all tears from lovers

The Widdow Bride.

To the accompliſh'd Lady of his thoughts.

Feeding I famiſh, fired by the eye,
Which makes me dying live, and living die.

FAire ſhall I name thee, to expreſs th
worth!
Nay, thou haſt ſomething elſe to ſet the
forth,
The

Then thy externall beautie, which no time
Shall ere deface, and that is truly thine.
Though outward *white*, grac'd with an inward *faire*,
Vnite in one, exceedeth all compare.
For what may glorious *Saints*, whose divine feature
Immortalis'd above an human Creature;
Appropriate unto themselves save this,
Though they're invested with the roabe of blis!
Pure is their *Store*, the *State* of innocence,
Full be their *Lamps* of divine influence,
Complete's their *Armour*, and their order too,
Thus they attend the *Lambe* where ere he go.
And thou terrestriall *Angel*, who canst give,
(Though young) example to the old to live,
Divines what thou shalt be: for I do see,
All sacred Graces treasured in thee;
As in some curious artful Cabbinet,
Where Patience shines as a rich Iewellet
Set in a precious *Tablet*, which may be best
Allusion have to thy unspoted brest,
Where vertues have their Mansion: should I speak
More freely of thy Merits? I wil seek

No modern Model to conform the State
Of my affections, or will imitate,
Any with affectation, but that grace
which thou reserves in *action, speech* & *pace.*
Honor of ages, what a Sympathie
Of soul-inthroning vertues works in thee,
To make thee more affected! Where desire
Of moderation tempers the heat of ire;
Content all self-repining, and delight
To see another prosper, that base spite
Which worldly *Moles* expres from day to day
In seeing others flourish more then they.
No, thou art earthly Sainted, & canst taste
What fruit's in Mundane pleasure being past,
When this same Circle of our humane bless
Quite ran about, shal end with wretchednes;
And is not this above th' conceit of man,
That thou the weaker Sex shold seem to span
This abstract of thy life, with such respect
Unto thy soul form'd by that Architect,
Whose glory is thy aim? Nay, that thy prime
Scarcely arriv'd at the freshness of her time,
Should so disvalue earth, as to bestow
Thy heart on heaven, thy frayler part below.
Where life like to a shade, whose vading
(glory
Sums up our discontents as in a Story,
Gets disesteem with thee, fixing thine eye

Upon

Upon a more transcendant Emperie. (long
But that which shal extend thy days more
Then time can limit, is thy suffring wrong,
Smiling at injuries, as if thy breſt
Were of that temper, griefs could not moleſt,
Nor soil her glorious Manſion, but appears
More eminent by th' injuries ſhe bears.
I've heard indeed, ſom womans nature's ſuch
As they can hardly ever bear too much;
The ſenſe whereof, howſ'ere our Criticks take it,
May be confirm'd in thee; for thou doſt make it
The *Trophy* of thy triumph, and the crown
Of all thy conqueſt, to be onely *known*
Thy ſelf in thy affliction, where relief
In Souls ſole ſolace gives receit to grief.
For Palms preſt down do ever riſe the more,
And Spices bruis'd ſmel ſweeter then before:
So as this ſentence verifide may bee,
Thou tryes affliction, not affliction thee.
Mirror of women, what a triumphs this,
When there is nought, how great ſoere it is,
That can depreſs thy mind below the Sphere
Where it is fixed! For tis this I ſwear,
And only this which moves me to affect
Thy ſelf far more then any light reſpect,
Drawn from the tincture of a moving faire,

Which to mindes Beautie's ſhort above (compare.
For I have known the ſmootheſt ſleekeſt skin
Soild with the blemiſh of ſo foul a ſin,
As Beautie loſt her luſtre by that ſtain,
Which once made black could nere be white (again,
But thou in both complete, art ſuch an one,
As without aſſentation there is none
May glory more of what ſhe doth poſſeſs,
Though on my Knowledg none doth glory (leſs.
And happy he if he had known his hap,
Who might repoſe in ſuch a Ladies lap,
Secure from cenuſre; but how weak is ſence
When Reaſon's darkned through concupiſ- (cence!
Alas of error, that our humane eye,
Expos'd to luſt and boundleſs libertie,
Should derogate from man; where if we knew
How woman's to expect from man her dew,
As man from woman; we ſhold ſtraight infer
'To think of a ſtrange beauty is to err.
He who did till thoſe flowrie fields, which lay
Like *Adons* grove neer to the milkie way,
If he had known what happineſs it is
In mutual love t'injoy a mutual bliſs,
Where two dividuate ſouls do ſelfly move

By

By one united Sympathie in love;
He vvould have thus concluded ſure I am,
Who dotes on more then's own is leſs then man.
But novv to thee my lines their love extend,
Making thy ſelf their Centre vvhere they (end.
'Thou mildeſt mould of matron modeſty,
'Live as thou liv'ſt, and gain eternity;
Patience ſhall give thee convoy, fame, renovvn,
Both vvhich contend to reach thee triumphs crovvn.

The true, and happy ſtate of Love.

WHat I have, that I crave,
Frank I loſt, yet Frank I have;
Happy am I in poſſeſſing
Of her that gives love a bleſſing:
Bleſſed love have earthly rank,
Stated in my ſtyle of Frank,
Happy ſtyle that thinks no ſhame
In reſpect of nature, name,
Form, affection, and in all
To be Frank, as we her call.
Yet ſo Frank, that though ſhe be
Free, it's in ſuch modeſtie,
As no Creatures are, have bin,
Can, or may tax her of ſin.
Pure in love, ſincere in heart,
Fair by Nature, not by Art.
Crimſon bluſhes which diſplay,
Reddeſt even makes cleareſt day;
Cleareſt, where like Ida's ſnow
Lillies on her cheeks do grow;
Yet ſo mixt with true delight,

As the red contends with white,
Yet ore-comm'd with Modesty,
Red *or* white *gets victory.*
Thus two Franks *in beauty one,*
Yeelds enough to dote upon;
Equal both in favour, feature,
Honour, order, name and nature;
Both inclining to one stature,
Equal'd by no earthly creature.
For if I should paint them out,
From the head unto the foot,
I should make you then confess
They were earthly Goddesses:
And that Nature *made these two,*
As those Mirrors *which might show*
Her perfection and her store,
Challenging, who could give more?
Thus both *equal in one letter,*
One to either, neither better;
Twin-like seem as Time had fixt them,
As two spheres not one betwixt them;
Yet if needs one th' best do crave,
In my thoughts it's she I have:
She, whose vertues do excel
As they seem in parallel;
Modest, yet not too precise,
Wise, yet not conceited wise;
Still in action, yet her will

Give being to my vows;
I will much ingage my heart, if when
I ſay ſhe's mine, youl ſay Amen.
Such kindneſs to our true love ſhowne
Shall bind us doubly then your own.

A trick for your Learning.

TWo Schollars in Thames-ſtreet were (drinking hard,
And late; to whom a Conſtable repair'd,
And tax t them for't: Invited yet to drink,
He turn'd up glaſſes, till both nod and wink
At greateſt faults he would; when ſleep at laſt
Did bridle up his bruitiſh ſenſes faſt.
Mean while the waggiſh Mercuries conſpire
T'abuſe him, and two water-men they hire
To take him naping, & tranſport him thence
Th'way of all fiſh; who nere recover'd ſenſe,
Nor from his dead ſleep found himſelf alive,
Till both his Charons at Graveſ-end arrive.
To all harſh Magiſtrates a warning faire,
That they of too much wine and wit beware.

The Vſurer.

HE puts forth Money, as the Hangman (ſowes,
His fatal Hemp-ſeed, that with curſes (growes.
So growes his damn'd wealth in the Devils name,
That doth in hel the Harveſt home proclaim;
For which deep reaſon my poor *Muſe* preferrs
This ſute, that Poets nere prove Vſurers.

To a Detractor.

THou ſtill art darting (like a Porcupine)
Thy quils againſt me, faulting every line
That my hand draws, and with the froſt-(like power
Of thy benummed verſe, would nip the flower

Of

A Complaint of his seperation from his Mistris, caused by his friends injunction:

DEar heart, remember that sad hour,
When vve vvere forc't to part
Hovv on thy cheeks I vvept a shovvr,
With sad and heavy heart;
About thy vvast my arms did t vist;
Oh! then I sight, and then I kist.

Ten thousand fears and joys in one,
Did such distraction frame,
As if the liveless vvorld vvould run
To Chaos back again.
Whilst my poor heart amidst these fears,
Lay bathed in my milk-warm tears.

Ah then I thought, and thinking vvept,
Hovv friends and fate did lower,
On thee *Leander*; hovv they kept

Thee from thy *Heroes Tower*;
While thunder groand, & heaven did weep
To rock thy sence in *silent Sleep*.

But *Fate* must unresisted stand;
Oh who can it oppose?
Necessity's a *Tyrant*; and
No mean in mischief knows;
Els might my fairer *Love* and I
Unseverd live, till one did dy.

Just so the hungry infant from
His mothers dug is tane,
When his weak arms yet spread along:
More dulcid milk to gain;
And nothing brings the babe to rest,
Until he sleep upon her breast.

Thus being banisht from my love,
And forc't to leave her sight,
No thoughts but those of her can move
In me the least delight;
But like true steel my heart doth pant,
To touch the long'd for Adamant.

Oh let no storm of discontent
Be clouded in your brows,
Dear friends that have my being lent,

Is so pure it ne're acts ill;
Virgin-modest, yet delights
To discourse of Hymens *rights;*
Yet she blushes when she heares,
Ought that's light sound in her eares;
And with skarlet-die displaies
What to women yeelds most praises:
For praise-worthy't is in women,
To blush at that Act *is common;*
Since in speech those actions show
Ill, which modest are to do;
For a Maid should be afraid,
Hearing th'loss of Maiden-head.
With this Poem, *and a Pearl*
Sent to Frank *my faithful Girle;*
I conclude with friendly vow,
To my Frank *her neighbours too.*

An Elegiack Sonnet.

If I onely had been he,
That had ſtood ſo far aloofe,
Or had been ſuch Armour proof,
Dide I had not as you ſee,
Shot by womans Iealouſie.

Wretched Woman why ſhould Thou
Dote ſo much on Idol beauty,
Deeming only fit to ſute thee
When it is not one nor two,
Nor a thouſand more will do?

Yet love loves not theſe exchanges,
Love is conſtant, firme and pure,
Drawn by no eye-charming lure;
It is luſt that onely ranges,
Where new love old love eſtranges.

What is life then but a farm,
And the beſt a farmer is
Of this life he counts a bliſs,
Whree true love ſuſtaines no harme,
Nere engag't to Fancies charme!

Of thy sweet *Poësie*. I wish thee show
More favour to thy self, than thus to blow
Sparks in thine eyes. Art thou not (slave) (afeard
To pluck a couchant Lyon by the beard,
That rouz'd will rend thee? thou but shootst in vain
Thy bolts of folly, that rebound again
From my unpierced Muse, whose lofty rime
Shall (Dial-like) stand in the face of time,
And look it down, when thou and thine shall lie
Damn'd up with dust in blind obscuritie.

To the Slanderer.

COuld I but work a Transformation (strange,
On thee, whose malice pricks & rankles so
I would thy Carrion to a Thistle change,
Which Asses baite upon, & Rusticks mow.

That he is love sick and cannot write Verses.

PEttie, it doth not me delight
Verses as before to write,
Quite thorow thrust
With deeply wounding lust.

With lust, the which doth me desire
Above all men else to set on fire!
Or for young boyes,
Or for some female toyes.

This the third winter off has torn
The forests dress, since I forbore
To pine away
For my Inachia.

Through town O what a sport was I?
(For I am sham'd at such foolery)
And I repent
My feasting-merriment;

In

In which my grief and ſilent tongue,
And ſighs from my hearts botom ſprung!
Argued me
Inamorate to be.

And mourning to thee, I did cry,
A poor mans canded ingenie
VVas all but vain
To ſtand againſt her gaie

VVhen as the uncivil power
Of raging wine, had from its bower
My ſecret thought
With ſtronger liquer wrough

But in my breaſt if free rage boile,
That to the winds it may aſſoil
My ſighs ingrate
Which my ſore wound can't bat

When my modeſtneſs caſt by
Shall give over preſently
To ſtrive ſo long
VVith rivals over ſtrong.

When (vext) I to you had enlarg'd
Theſe things, to hie me home being charg'd
Along I went

With fearfull impotent,

To those posts (ah) unkind to me,
And dores (ah) full of cruelty,
Where mightily
My loyns and sides bruisd I:

Lyciseus love me now doth pres,
Boasting that he in tenderness
Dos far surpass
Any young married lass.

Whence nor the free-spent consultations,
Nor the rigid increpations
Of my friends ere
Me off again shall tear.

But some other flame, in sooth,
Of some fair maid or some plucy youth,
Knitting up fair
His long grown head of haire:

The bag of the Bee.

ABout the sweet bag of a Bee,
Two *Cupids* fell at odds,
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vowed to ask the gods:
Which *Venus* hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them,
And taking from them each his flame,
With rods of Mirtle whipt them;
Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kist, and wipe't their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

To his Mistris.

CHuse me your *Valentine*,
Next let us marry:
Love to the death will pine,
If we long tarry:

You have broke promiſe twice,
Dear to undo me;
If you prove faithleſs thrice,
None then will wooe you.

His Proteſtation to his Miſtris.

NOon, day, and midnight ſhal at once be ſeen,
Trees at one time ſhall be both red and green.
Summer and winter ſhall at one time ſhow
Ripe ears of corn, and up to th' ears in ſnow:
Seas ſhall be ſandleſs, Fields be voyd of graſs,
Shapeleſs the world, as when all Chaos was;
Before my dear ſweet Love, I will bee
False to my Vow, or fall away from thee.

Upon Love.

LOve scorcht my finger, but did spare
The burning of my heart,
To signifie that love my share
Should be a little part:

Little I love, but if that he
Would but that heat recal,
That joynt to ashes should be burnt,
Ere I would love at all.

To his Mistris.

SHew me thy feet, shew me thy legs, thy (thighs,
Shew me those fleshly principalities;
Shew me that hil where smiling love doth sit
Having a living fountain under it.
Shew me thy waste, then let me therewithall
(By the ascension of thy Lavvn) see all.

O

On himself.

I Ove-sick I am, and must indure
A desperate grief that finds no cure:
Ah me! I try, and trying prove
No herbs can cure the power of Love:
Only our soveraign salve I know,
And that is death, the end of woe.

To the Virgins to make much of time.

GAther your Rose-buds while you may,
Old time is still a flying,
And that same flower that smiles to day,
To morrow may be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, tehu sn
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,

And neerer to his setting
That age is best which is the First,
When youth and old are warmer,
And being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.
Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may go marry,
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Upon Cupid.

AS lately I a garland bound,
'Mongst Roses I there Cupid found,
I took him, put him in my cup,
And drunk with wine, I drunk him up.
Hence then it is that my poor breast
Could never since find any rest.

Upon her Breſts.

DIſplay thy breſts (my Dear) there let me
Behold that circummortal puritie,
Between whoſe glories there my lips Ile lay,
Raviſh't in that fair *Via Lactica*.

Upon himſelf.

MOpe-cy'd I am, as ſome have ſaid;
Becauſe Ive lived ſo long a maid,
But grant that I ſhould wedded be
Should I a jot the better ſee?
No, I ſhould think that marriage might
Rather then mend, put out the light.

Draw-Gloves.

AT Draw-gloves weel play,
And prethee lets lay
A wager, and let it be this,
Who firſt to the Sun
Of twenty doth run,
Shall have for his winning a kiſs.

To the Roſe.

GO happy roſe and enterwoove,
With other flowers bind my love,
Tel her too ſhe muſt not be
Longer Loving, long free.
That ſo oft hath fettered me.

Say if ſhe's fretfull, and I have bands
Of Pearl and Gold to bind her hands,
Tell her if ſhe ſtrugle ſtill

have myrtel Rods at will,
or to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my bleſſing; thus go
And tell her this, but do not ſo.
Leſt a handſome anger fly
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up as well as I.

How Violets came blew.

I Ove on a day, wiſe Poets tell
Some time I wrangling ſpent,
Whether the Violets ſhould excel,
Or ſhe in ſweeteſt ſcent:
But Venus having loſt the day,
Poor girls ſhe fell on you,
And beat ye ſo, as ſome do ſay,
Her blows did make ye blew.

Counsel not to love.

HE that will not love must be
My Scholar, and learn this of me:
There be in love as many fears
As the Summers corn hath ears.
Sighs and sobs, and sorrows more
Then the sand that makes the shore.
Freezing cold and fiery heats,
Fainting swoons and deadly sweats,
Now an ague, then a fever,
Both tormenting Lovers ever.
Wouldst thou know besides all these.
How hard a woman tis to please?
How cross, how sullen, and how soon
She shifts and changes like the Moon.
How false, how hallow shees in heart,
And how she is on her left part:
How high shees priz'd, and worth but small
Little thou't love, or not at all.

On the Willow-tree.

THou art to all loſt love the beſt,
The only true plant found,
Wherewith young men and maids diſtreſt,
And left off love are crown'd.

When once the Lovers roſe is dead,
Or laid aſide forlorn,
Then willow-garlands about the head
Bedeau'd with tears are worn.

When with neglect the Lovers bane
Poor maids rewarded be
For their love loſt, their onely gain
Is but a wreath from thee.

And underneath thy cooling ſhade
When weary of the light,
The love-ſpent youth, and love-ſick maid
Come to weep out the night.

To his Mistris to command him any thing.

BId me to live, and I will live,
thy servant for to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kinde,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst finde,
That heart Ile give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honor thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And it shall do it for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and Ile despaire

Under that Cyprus tree,
Or bid me die, and I will dare
Even death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

A Hymne to Venus.

GOddess I do love a girl
Ruby-lipt', and tooth't like Pearl,
If so be I may but prove
Lucky in this maid I love,
I will promise there shall be
Myrtels offered up to thee.

The good night to the Bride

BLessings in abundance come
To the Bride, and to her Groome,
May the Bed this short night
Know the fulness of delight:
Pleasures may here attend you,
And ere long a boy Love send you.
Curld and comely, and so trim,
Maids in time may ravish him:
Thus a dew of graces fall
On you both; Good-night to all.

The Willow-Garland.

A Willow-garland thou didst send
Perfumed last day to me,
Which did but only this portend,
I was forsook by thee:
Since it is so, Ile tell thee what,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me weare the Willow after that,
To dye upon the tree.

To a Teltale.

Thy glowing eares, to hot contention bent,
Are not unlike red Herings, broyl'd in Lent.

To Baull, the Cryer.

In thy rude Pariſh (as thou doſt profeſs)
Thou'rt like the *Baptiſt* in the wilderneſs:
Yet ere for conſcience off thy head ſhould go,
Thou wouldſt not cry *Oyes*, but roare out *No*.

On deaf Joan, the Ale-wife.

She prates to others, yet can nothing heare,
Juſt like a ſounding jugg that wants an eare.

To Zounds the Swaggerer.

What dost thou mean to revel, roare, and spend
To drink, and drabble, and swear so? will thou rend
Thy way to Hell? The Devil will spy day
At a small hole, and snach his Chuck away.

To the same.

What Gulfs within thee, that thou swallow'st so?
It is to drown all thirsts before thou go
To that Infernall hat-house? such a ground
Of reasons deeper than I list to sound.

To his Miſtris.

WHat conſcience ſay is it in thee
When I a heart had one
To take away that heart from me,
And to retain thy ovvn:

For ſhame and pity new incline
To play a loving patt,
Either to ſend me kindly thine,
Or ſend me back my heart.
Covet not both; for if thou doſt
Reſolve to part vvith neither,
Why yet to ſhevv that thou art juſt,
Take me and mine together,

On Love.

I Held Loves head vvhile it did ake,
And ſo it chanced to be
The cruel pain did him forſake,
And forthvvith came to me,
Ah me, how ſhal my grief be ſtill'd,

Or where else shal we find,
One like to me who must be kild
For being too too kinde.

To his Mistris.

Tis evening, my sweet, & dark, let us meet,
Long time we have been a trying;
And never as yet, that season could get,
Wherein to have had an enjoying.

For pity or shame, then let not loves flame,
Be ever and ever a spending;
Since now to the Port the path is but short,
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flies away fast, our hours do waste,
The while we never remember,
How soon our life here, grows old with th
That dies with the next December.

The Fairies.

IF ye will with Mab finde grace,
Set each platter in its place;
Rake the fire up, and get
Water in ere Sun be set:
Wash your pales, and cleanse your Daries,
Sluts are loathsome to the Fairies;
Sweep your house, who doth not so
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

Cherry-Pit.

Julia and I did lately sit
Playing for sport at Cherry-pit,
She threw, I cast, and having throwne,
Got the pit, and she the stone.

To Robbin Redbreſt.

When I'me led out for dead, let thy laſt kind-
neſs be
With leaves and moſs-work for to cover me:
And while the wood-nimphs my cold corps
inter,
Sing thou my Dirge ſweet warbling Cho-
riſter,
For Epitaph in foliage next write this,
Here, here the tomb of *William Redley* is.

His Viſion to his Miſtris.

I Dream'd we both were in a bed
Of Roſes almoſt ſmothered;
But then I heard thy ſweet breath ſay,
Faults done by night will bluſh by day;
I kiſt thee (panting) and I call
The night to record, that was all;
But ah! if empty dreams ſo pleaſe,
Love give me more ſuch nights as theſe.

Charon and *Philomel*, A Dialogue ſung.

PHIL.

CHaron, *O gentle* Charon, *let me woo thee*
By tears and pity now to come unto me:
Ch. *What voice ſo ſweet & charming do I hear;*
Say what thou art, Ph. *I prethe faſt draw neer:*
Ch. *A ſound I hear, but nothing yet can ſee;*
Speak where thou art: Ph *O* Charon *pity me,*
I am a bird, and though no name I tell,
My warbling note will ſay, I'm Philomel.
Ch. *What's that to me? I love not fiſh or fowls,*
Nor beaſts nor bird, but onely humane ſouls.
Ph. *Alas for me:* Ch. *Shame on thy witching note*
That made me thus hoyſt ſail, & bring my boat;
But Ile return, what miſchief brought me hither?
Ph. *A deal of love, & much grief tog ther.*
Ch. *What's thy requeſt?* Ph. *That ſince ſhe's now beneath,*
Who fed my life, I'le follow her in death.
Ch. *And is that all? I'me gone:* Ph. *By love*
I pray thee.

Ch. *Talk not of love; all pray, but few souls pay me.*
Ph. *Ile give the vows and tears.* Ch. *Can tears pay scores*
For mending sa ls, for patching boat and oars?
Ph. *I'le beg a peny, or I'le sing so long,*
Till thou shalt say, I've paid thee with a song.
Ch. *Why then begin, and all the while we make*
Our sloathful passage on the Stigian Lake;
Thou and I'le sing, to make these dull shades merry,
Who else with tears would doubtless drown my Ferry.

To his Mistris.

I could but see thee yesterday
Stung by a fretful Bee,
And I the Jave in snatcht away,
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and briars, and stings
I have in my poor breast,
Yet ne're can see that salve which brings
My passions any rest,

As

Is love ſhall help me, I admire
How thou canſt ſit and ſmile
To ſee me bleed, and not deſire
To ſtench the blood the while.

If thou compoſ'd of gentle mould,
Art ſo unkind to me;
What diſmal ſtories will be told
Of Troſe, that cruel Bee.

To his Miſtris, on the Day-break.

By the next kindling of the day,
My Julia, *thou ſhalt ſee,*
Ere I've Mary *thou canſt ſay,*
Ile come and viſit thee.

Yet ere thou counſelleſt with thy glaſs,
Appear thou to mine eyes,
As mooth an i nak'd as ſhe that was
The Prince of Paradiſe.

If bluſh thou muſt, then bluſh thou through
A lawn that thou maieſt look

As

As purest pearls and peebles do,
When peeping through a brook.

Stool-ball.

At Stool-ball, Lucia, *let us play*
For sugar, cakes, and wine;
Or for a Tansey let us pay,
The loss be thine or mine.

If thou, my Dear, a winner be
At trundling of the Ball;
The wager thou shalt have, and me,
And my mis-fortunes all.

But if my Sweetest I shall get,
Then I desire but this;
That likewise I may pay the bet,
And have for all a kiss.

The May-pole.

The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup,

Ile drink to the Garlands around it:
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my Girls
Whose husbands may Earls
Or Lords be, granting my wishes:
And when that ye wed
To the Bridal bed,
Then multiply all like to fishes.

To his Mistris.

Thou saiest, Thou lovest me; I say no:
But would to Love I could believe 'twas so.
Pardon my fear (Sweet) I desire
That thou be righteous found, and I the liar.

Charmes.

Bring the holy Cruſt of bread,
Lay it underneath the head;
Tis a certain charm to keep
Hogs away, while children ſleep.

Another.

Let the ſuperſtitious wife
Neer the childs heart lay a knife;
Point be up, and haft be down,
While ſhe goſſips in the Town.
This 'mongſt other miſtick Charms
Keeps the ſleeping child from harms.

Another, to bring in the Witch.

To houſe the hag you muſt do this,
Commix with meal a little piſs

Of him bewitched, they forthwith make
A little wafer, or a Cake;
And this rawly bak'd will bring
The old Hag in, no surer thing.

Another Charm for Stables.

Hang up hooks and sheers to scare
Hence the hag that rides the Mare
Till they be all over wet
With the mire and the sweat;
This observ'd, the Mains shall be
Of your horses all knot-free.

Upon *Cupid.*

Love like a beggar came to me
With hose and dublet torn,
His shirt bedangling from his knee,
With hat and shoes out-worn.

He askt an almes, I gave him bread
And meat too for his need.

Of which when he had fully fed
He wish't me all good speed,
Away he went but as he turnd
In faith I know not how,
He touched me so, as that I burn,
And am tormented now,
Loves silent flames and fires obscure,
Then crept into my heart,
And though I saw no bowe, Ime sure
His finger was the dart.

A Vow to Venus.

HAppily I had sight
Of my dearest Deer last night;
Make her this day smile on me,
And Ile Roses give to thee.

Charms.

THis Ile tel you by the way,
Maydens when ye Leavens lay,

Cross

Croſs your Dough, and your diſpatch
Will be better for your batch.

Another.

In the morning when you riſe,
Waſh your hands and clenſe your eyes,
Next be ſure ye have a care
For to throw the water far;
For as far as that doth light,
So far keeps the evil ſp'rit.

Another.

If ye fear to be affrighted,
When ye are by chance benighted,
In your pocket for a truſt
Carry nothing but a cruſt;
For that holy piece of bread,
Charms the danger, and the dread.

St. Diſtaffs *day, or the morrow after* Twelf-day.

PArtly work, and partly play,
Ye muſt on St *Diſt. ffs-day.*
From the Plow ſoon free your teame,
Then come home, and fother them:
If the maids a ſpinning go,
Burn the Flax, and fire the towe;
Scorch their Plackets, but beware
That ye ſinge no maiden-haire;
Bring in pales of water then,
Let the maids bewaſh the men;
Give St *Diſtaff* all the right,
Then bid Chriſtmaſs-ſport good-night;
And next morrow every one
To his own Vocation.

On Poets.

These Darlings of free Nature want no vigour
Of brain, and therefore to grow richer liker
Than weaker heads, and might be blest with Angels,
(For which the souldier fights, and Lawyer wrangles)
Did not their lofty Fancies hove the welkin
Still fore, whilst others are for Treasures dilving
But fie, my verse is foundr'd, all this time
I dream'd on riches, I but rav'd in rime.

Of Warr.

War's like a curst wife, whence a man may cull
Some fruits of goodness, (though of mischief full:)

For those land-surfets wanton peace both breed,
Warr by incision cures, when Kingdoms bleed.

On Josephs Cloke.

The Snake his slough, the Dove her plumes cast,
(Whose innocence & purdence hold we fast)
As *Joseph* left his garment, yet retain'd
A jewel, which once lost is ne're regain'd.
Thou stone-cold chastity far off doth flye,
And Lust assumes the Cloke of modesty.

DREAMS.

The first Dream.

WEnt I this Morn in cruel ſport
To fright the poor Hare from her fort?
Vp-rouze her from the ſolemn Cel
With horrors of a Fun'ral-Kriel?
Did Tyrant-I ſeek others prize?
My ſelf now made the Sacrifice?
Fates, you are equal, and thou *Love*,
Like mercy I [juſt *Talio*] prove
As meant to others; Torture, Pain,
Dire ſcourge! tis my reward again.
'Twas ſhe the Huntreſſe was, by th'way,
That ayr'd her ſo, like beauteous *May*,
(Her Miſtris rather) round beſtowing
Such Beauties ſweets; dull winter ſhewing

Fresh-cheek'd turnd Sommer. O, what raie
Then strook our eyes? what wonders blaze
Sweetst, Lightnings? what Soule rapes, divine
Confusions? that th'ore flowing shine
Spak't Heavenly *Vision:* if Earths race,
Then *Woman*, lovelyst woman'twas;
Or rare I know not-What: she's *All*
Men *excellence* perfection call.
Her *Eyes* shot day-light *Beam*-supplyes,
While th'Sun cloud-muffled seemd; close lyes
Asham'd on's gaudier blazing so,
Those *Corpse*-rayes to hers in shew;
Or't may be *Love-lark* feard, least he
By th'jealous *Morn* forsaken be;
Or, indeed struck, with amorous head
Jogd on, and so went *sick* to Bed:
The World not needing beg th'old *Sun*
Since they in her have two for one.
No *Christal* frost-work deckt the ground
T'intice her foot, whose Beamings round
That *Morn* dispersst, perhaps ore-awd
The glaz'd Earth, *Congelations* thawd:
Her Pace *Court-measure*, graceful'st showd
While th'spic't ayr through her breath more
good,
Purgd wholsom seemd: as *Goblins* light,
Fogs shun her *Purity*, take flight.
Ten thausand *Cupids* came along
Playing

Playing in her Eyes, her cheeks, or hung
O'th Breſt, Lips, Hayr; incamp'd appear
In *Bright* and lovely'ſt *Muſters* there;
As with their quiverd Hoaſt would pierce
All *Hearts*, and conquer th'*Vniverſe*:
A moving world of wonder ſhewing;
A Heaven of fleſh all *Joyes beſtowing*.
Twas fairely-ſweetly-cruel ſhe
That chas'd and ſeiz'd my liberty:
That let a *Mint* of lightnings fly
Heap of *Granadoes* from her Eye,
Dart-magazine that ſhot through mine;
I ſaw their flaming point to ſhine
All th'way they came, when through tht Eye
Th'*Heart* bled in kiudeſt ſimpathy:
I *Sigh*, *Fear*, *Muſe*; what wonders preſs
Through theſe glaz'd *Organs*, *Souls* poſſeſs!

On Phillis *Cloſe Nun-like Retirement.*

SAy beauteous *Fillis* why's ſo long
Adjourn'd our *Day-break* till all's ſtung
With *Greenland*-curſe? O why (Mole-faſhion)
Pore

Pore we on Clods, this dull *Creation*
Thou our Gem hid? with whom's inshrind,
The longings, blisses of *Mankind*:
Is't for our sins, that righteous Heaven
Hath us this *Plague* 'mongst others Given.
This Judgment sent (alas) that we
Must lose thy *Presence*, and want *Thee*?
Or did we too prophanely slight
That blessing, meanly rate thy *Sight*
Enjoyd? when thou (more justly-nice)
By *want* dost please t' inhanceyth *Price*:
An angry absence must alone
Make theemore reverenc't, and moreknown.
Or last; was't *Charity* divine
T' our errors, fraylties, did confine
Thee to thy *Chamber*, Prayers t' implore
And attone for us? O restore
That *Face* back, fayr *Example* t' us;
We shall grow good, less criminous.
Rare *Beauties* were not made at all
For cloystring, and live-burial,
Though *Bats*, *Owls* be: those glorious *Seve*
The unwasted *Lamps* of Earth and Heaven.
(Sky-brooches) lo, they were not thrust
To corners, log'd in Rubbish, dust,
But shine to th' world, and traverse by
Sphears blazing *Pageants*: whilst hid lye
(Earth-chested) *Gold*, *Gems*, wher's their
glory?

Sight

Sight's all; that magnifies thy ſtory.
Sometime tis wholſom, pureſt *Maid*,
To ayr thee through the field and ſhade;
When from ſome *Hill* fayr-map'd does ly
Small *Europe*, travaild by thine *Eye*:
And th'amazd People gazing round,
As though another *Morn* were found.
For as through ſight thou *Phyſick'ſt* us;
And our droſs-ſpirits refineſt thus
To ſuttle Fire this Earth *Ayr* grown,
Pure *Quinteſſentiall*: whilſt (anon)
The Bloods too revel't in each Veine
So thou doſt Phyſick thy Selfe again.
Mays Sovereign, delicious ayr,
Twil make that *Cheek* more ſnowy-fayr.
(If poſſible,) thoſe Breſts of ſpice
Thus fan'd more, Beds of *Paradice*:
Twill make that *Angell*-ſhape to ſtrike
Our eyes with motion *Angel-like*,
Quick, ſprightly; improve that daynti'ſt Frame
So lively, as if all *Soul became*:
Then ſhew thee oft deare *Cordial*; thus
Thou phyſickſt both thy ſelf and *us*.

Phillis Nun-like Coyness.

PHILLIS, Fayrest, why so coy
So dainty-nice? when but t'enjoy
One favour such a task doth prove,
Herculean Labour; tell me Love;
What though that dainter Hand touch mine,
(Of spotless Allablaster-shine)
Would't shew less fayr, and dull'd be
Or lose the fashion, if by me
But kindly prest? though never I
Their sacred white do come so nigh
But with washt hands, nor touch their Down
But reverential fear does crown
The Devout Palm: your Glove all day
May freelier touch; your Seizers may,
Silk, needle, lawn, nay, meaner thred:
Then is my Hand more vile indeed
Then these? or say, you purify
Those things by Touch, like Chimistry
May these course hands sublime, refine.
Or say those dayntier Lips touch mine,
Are they impoverisht in their store?
Or wast their Delicates the more

By often giving [since they are
A lasting sweetness] or less fair,
Ought lose their colour Ruby excelling?
The more they're kiss'd, more red and swelling.
The wanton ayre with hovering play
May touch them, and the tawny Ray
Of Phœbus Toys, which often please;
Then are my lips more base then these?
The Fly may buzzing kiss, and touch
[Unblam'd] those Cherries; min's but such.
'Las, can you chide and frown when I
[Nye starv'd] do beg the Charity
Th' Alms of one kiss? twas never yet
Held sin for Starvelings to crave meat;
That's free: would you not life bestow
Where your self nere the poorer grow?
Nay sweetest, wer't love-relish'd, this,
You would seem richer by a kiss:
Love's first-course, second Mirage tis.

THE

The second Dream.

'Twas Fresh-cheek'd May with all her pride
And Progress bravery beautifi'd;
Her musk, perfumes, and *Gems* of price,
To take that *sexe* more daynty, nice,
When th' *Chaos-World* (late sullen) now
Turnd laughing all, stampd one whose brow
Fine new *creation*: when froz'd *Men*
(Not snayls alone) seem'd *Live* agen:
Forth went the *Nimph*, whose eyes fayr ray
Had *January* turnd to *May*,
And spruc't the poor-clad earth howere
With Flowrs, though *Flora* banished the yeare:
Forth Phillis tript; whilst I alone
Ingross'd the blessing, th'honour won
T' attend her Walks chief Favourit,
Sole Guardian to my Souls delight:
Cal'd by her as if Heaven had cal'd
To Joyes, wherein blest Saints instal'd,
(Who would not glory?) *Champion* thence
To weak, yet purest *Innocence*:
For well my *PHILLIS* knew that I

Would

Would not hurt, but protecting dye;
And (though, *Temptation* all, her *ſhape*)
Would puniſh, not commit a *Rape*.
Thus, though no morning-ſtar am-borne,
Yet was I *Vſher* to the *Morn*;
Or rather *Sun*-companion ſhew,
Whoſe hand inrich'd mine with its ſnow.
Naught envying now *Great Turk*, *Mogor*,
Tartarian China-bugbear or
Black *Southern* Prince; thus ſepter'd I
Durſt boaſt a fayrer *Monarchy*.
Each Object as we trac t below,
With rival-courtſhip ſeemd to wo
My Heavenly *Fair*, and bred in me
A kind of ſportive *jealouſie*:
Birds chant love-ſongs, *Gales* whiſper ſoft
Kind tales, ſteal kiſſes, whilſt (methought)
Herbs, *Flowers* hung their love-ſick heads,
Or bowd with reverence from their beds;
Hills animated ſeem d rejoyce;
And (wanton) *Eccho* back her Voice:
O pregnant *Sorl* ſay, what does prove
So all breeding as that Womb of Love?
Here, whilſt I ſacrific d chaſt Vows to
Sigh-Incence, (made unſpotted thoſe
Bleſt Hands the *Alters*) t'either eare
Thus *PHILLIS* breath d, O, breath'd ſounds
were

Sera-

Seraphick Musick! (words) be gone
That poor Term) Thus she seemd to own—
Hold *Fondling*, don't expose abroad
Such sweetness to th'Ayrs common Road;
Be wise: th'Harmonious touch oth' *Sphears*
Not Musick is the Vulgar ears:
Repeat the Blisses to thine own;
Tell *Venus*, or Loves-self alone:
And feed you Lickerish eares, (reviv'd
Your dear Joyes,) Fancy makes new-liv'd:
Whilst *Cupid* scores up all, each word
(Th'Hour, Minute) in's chast *Loves Record.*

PHILLIS *her Lute.*

SIght, Smelling, Tasting, Feeling, all be gone;
And leave with me th'officious *Eare* alone:
Go *Slumber*, (or th'whole Covent) loytrers play;
Thou only attend (Souls Favourite) this way:
Bless, bless thy self and me, till seem transla-ed
To new divine Joyes, by that Hand-Created.

List,

Liſt, liſt with reverence; devoutly O
Hearken; th'*Orbs Minſtrelſy's* ſham'd here below:
While *PHILL S* gives Life to her ſenceleſs *Lute*,
And warbling language to what late was mute.
Heark, what delicious ſtrains and Heavenly-rare
Do as twer ſweeten, and inrich the *Ayr*!
Phebean Harps Great *Maſter* finds his skill
Scornd by th'*Olimpicks*, and but ſlighted ſtill
When thou once playeſt; all liſtening unto thee;
T'whom mean hands like to Winds rude bluſtrings be,
Or th'note of bubling *Brooks*: All Muſick is
Untun'd harſh Diſcord, and but noyſe to *This*.
Away all dumpiſh cares, all pulling ſorrow,
[You Cloud-drove] fly my vvorld, pack til the morrovv;
Let me forget I'm Earth, or burdened am
VVith droſs of fleſh, but t' Elemental flame
Seem rarifi'd turn'd Spirits (air does ſhevv
Poor, languid) dance my blood; your veins oreflovv

In

In glad tides; whilst those highst Soul-faculties
Frame all a Masque: that Lute Soul-revels please.
O, there's a svveetly, svveetly-solemn strain
Has laid all in a slumbering trance again.
And charm'd all to amazement; view but round
How strange a Metamorphosis there's found;
Men stand by th' Walls, and furnish out the Room
Like Arras-pictures, or as to some Tomb
Belong'd for Monuments; whilst only flyes
A glimpse of Life or Twilight from their Eyes:
All's turn'd a Sepulcher, so whist and dead
A silence raigns, the sweet death welcomed:
O, let me thus expire and melt away
To dissolution, Nature that Debt pay
of Vapour-breath, that else a boyling Fever,
Stone, Poyson, sturdy Gout, or stab might sever:
Sweet-killing PHILLIS, thus the soul to stray
To Heaven 'twere t' have Heaven by the way:
Such death were but to live; the Gasps to this

Ore-raviſhing Delights, too powerful bliſs:
And then I dye a Martyr by thy hand,
Though not in wrath, but [ſpight of countermand]
As fleeting ſouls laſt Farwel I muſt kiſs
That beauteous Hand, firſt Fool! Alls ſpoild by this.

PHIL-

PHILLIS Hand and Glove.

FAir Phillis, my ambitious Muse
Through its aspiring zeal wo'd choose
Rather to charm thy hand then Glove,
Court that Diviner form, my Love;
T' whom Snow with th' Alablaster mine
Great Style of Whiteness only assign:
Where azure streams in purling measure
Make Cupids Isles and Place of pleasure.
But this eclipses vails their light,
And pleads Commission for't; worse spight;
Whilst [tas'd up] beautsons they appear
Like sacred Twin-like Relicks there:
Worth 'bove all Romes; like cloysterd Nuns;
Or silver Orb involved Moons:
Not nak'd to each unworthy eye
Or the Suns bolder kisses lye,
[Sighs fit'st for King] but then devest,
Break forth like Morns their dusky East,
When silk and gold as touch more fine;
Some Needle-Miracle design;

Where

Where laid to th' eye small new Creation,
Birds, Beasts so near inanimation;
So true that Natures self does start;
Half mothering that meer Child of Art:
Mock'd by this Landskip, nye mistakes
For her own work th' Hills, Plants, and Lakes.
Sweet'st Recluse-payr! you meanlyer-thoice
Beauties triumph it now, rejoyce;
Let coorser Hands now boldly shew,
Seek t'enamour with worse Snow.
Your Gloves kind pardon, if I seem
Transported here with whats their Gem,
Chief Riches, Glory; wherefore spight
Should not ere-long debar my sight:
Since I love these too, even in this
Fine, Prittyest, winning beauty is;
Both as it self, and as 't is thine:
So dainty-shap'd, Symmetrick, fine,
Pure-white withal, that it might stand
A rude-drawn Picture to that hand:
Wherein (methinks) breath highest sweets
Whose sublimation Juno fits:
This Pattern seems for the best of gloves
(As that for hands) like th' Queen of Leves.
O Cupid wouldst ordain that I
Under that form might hug so nigh
That loved Hand; [miraculous feat!]
But ah, I fear my Youthful Heat,

Sighs soft-breath'd whispers, joyful Dance
Oth' panting-Heart, then colder Trance
With fervent raven-kisses, soon
Would blab the Cozenage, all undone:
When I'm ecashir'd eternally:
Whereas that Favourit-Glove laid by
Recloaths that Beauty, exalted is
To its late Paradisian Bliss.

His

His third Dream of FILLIS Evening Walk and Voice.

Fillis and I (O, fondly kind,
Indulgent Stars! thus still you bind;)
Fillis and I in Evening fair
Stole forth to take the Garden-air.
That sweet'st and mildest age of Day,
When Sun does sprinkle a kinder Ray
Nor begets head-ach, whilst Goodnight
Sends from Far-West with drowsie light;
The Morn, That, plac'd like pauses sweet
Twixt th' Anguish fits of Cold and Heat.
Those harmless Gales were only straying
Which dance the leaves with nicer playing,
Nor whisper, whilst with kind of bliss
Mays Flowry beauteous strangers kiss
In sign of welcom: toying off
With *Fillis* Curles; when us'd (methought)
Reverence too, least through its sin
One curle disturb'd, or spoyl'd had been.
Th' Ayrs Concave seem'd to quiet rest

Like Fillis gentle Maiden-breſt.
Who, mask'd and vail'd, (that elſe had ſoon
Traverſ'd a gloomy Thick deſign'd
With Love-maze Laborynth, where inſhrin'd
Th' Worlds beauty appeard: twas ambuſh-
plot
To bear the Nightingales ſmall throat,
High ſt, ſtrong'd to boot; (that, praiſ to be
The Shades prime Songſter, harmony)
With reſt oth' Noiſe, who begun,
As if toth' then departing Sun
Would chirp a merry ſhril Goodnight,
And ſo long ſing as he gave Light:
Which heard (the fine mirth jollity)
To ſmiling, pleaſure, by and by
Fillis puts in toth' warbling quire:
Fair Goddeſs lo, which ſeemd t' inſpire
Thoſe little creatures with their skill,
Who now chant Anthems t' her praiſe ſtill:
The ruder Place ſeem'd Chaos-wiſe
Turnd to a new dreſt Paradice,
Earth-Heaven, ſo well that face and tongue
Might to ſweet Cherubins belong.
Gods (wrapt with joy oth' creation)
T' affairs divine held ſtrait Vacation,
Breaking Heavens Parliament aſunder
To ſee, to hear this Mortal wonder,
(The air trac'd in meaſures) while croſ-armd

Some ſate, inamourd ſhewing, Love-charmd;
Conſulting all her ſoon tranſlation
From this baſe earth to th' ſtarry ſtation
As their *Quires* Miſtris, while She-powrs
Or praiſ'd, or envi'd from their Towrs,
Wood-ſatyres skipping wildly round:
This maſque at leaſt my Fancy found.
Lo th' All of Rapture, ſweets how high!
Beſt Joyes the ears capacity
Could reach to, onely thoſe above,
The dear Soul-melting Sounds of Love.
Her Lute was rare though dead the ſound,
This living therefore rarer erownd:
That, was but hollow Timbers noiſe,
This, ſweet, warm, lovely Womans voice:
Religion ſwayd, elſe I had nigh
Been guilty of Voice-Idolatry.

FILLIS and the Nightingale.

RAre charming Voice! but [O] how rare
Breath'd by that She so only fair!
Whose face and bodies beauties be
Compos'd with so rare Symmetry
(Heavens choice design) so sweetly accorded,
One Heavenly Consort all afforded;
And were the Harmony o'th Eye,
Seem'd Natures silent Melody:
Nere man so doubly-blest; th' eye, ear!
Record it Love, twas only here.
Each trembling Noat those Corals wrought
(When born) seem'd swaddled, wrapt me-
thought,
And (as soon dying) Embalm'd within
So sweet breath, as perfum'd't had been;
Came flying in a precious air
Of Spices, 'bove Arabian far:
The same sweet noats you would have deemd
The several souls of Musick seemd;
Whilst the whole Song rare sweetst com-
pound, Wherein

VVherein th' Ear's Sugar, Sytrop found.
O could I've caught and kept alive
Those precious sounds beyond reprive
Those Spirits of Sweetness as they flye,
So t' have had constant Melody.
Nay Phillis self still by me in those:
Her Breath, preserv'd and relick'd close
Had serv'd for soveraign protection
Gainst povr nous Plagues, and all infection.
If that fam'd Harp, could Rivers cause
To stand at wanton gaze and pause;
Beasts, stubborn Rocks, and burly Trees,
Made dance in Antique Revels theis;
Her voice must greater Magick prove
And make them court her, fall in Love.
VVhile Fillis breath'd and clos'd her song,
Behold a pritty vvonder sprung;
Th' ambitious Nightingale replyd,
Through pertest emulations pride;
[Chief Chorister I 'th feathered Court
To th' Royal Eagle fam'd] in sport
VVould sing her part, and nimbly runs
Her fine-poiz'd quaint Divisions:
Novv Fillis, then the Nightingale,
Novv she then she, vvhich should prevail:
The Chirper falls to earnest novv,
No more must jesting strains allovv:
'Tis sober Duel, no idle play,

Like Fillis gentle Maiden-breſt.
Who, mask'd and vail'd, (that elſe had ſoon
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Consulting all her soon translation
From this base earth to th' starry station
As their Quires Mistris, while She-powrs
Or praisd, or envi'd from their Towrs,
Wood-satyres skipping wildly round:
This masque at least my Fancy found.
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Best Joyes the ears capacity
Could reach to, onely those above,
The dear Soul-melting Sounds of Love.
Her Lute was rare though dead the sound,
This living therefore rarer crownd:
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This, sweet, warm, lovely Womans voice:
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Novv she then she, vvhich should prevail:
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No more must jesting strains allovv:
'Tis sober Duel, no idle play,

Sharp breſt-concention for the day:
Till the poor Bird preſumes ſtill higher,
As life vvould forfeit and expire.
VVhich pittying, I vvas fain to intreat
Her ſofter heart vvould make retreat,
And end the dangerous ſtrife ſo nigh
By yeelding a falſe Victory:
This quarrel muſt not the loſs prove
Of ſuch a voice to th' Spring and Grove:
Her Mercy rather ſhould reprive
[Double honors Trophie] keep alive.
VVhen loth to ſtifle yet my bliſſes,
I ſilenc'd thoſe ſvveet lips vvith Kiſſes:
Though but th' ears airy joyes transfer'd
To th' ſolid touch; ſo, ſav'd the Bird.

His fourth Dream of Cressas Funeral, the Love of Disioris.

IS any Pastors care so deaf to Fame,
That has not heard of faireſt Cressas name?
[So us'd to bleatings] whom that Funeral-knel.
Which groand this Nimph to earth, did hearts congeal.
Hath not arriv'd to? happy sure's that He
In this, since knows not th' common Misery;
Distres'd Arcadias loss [with whom does share
Nature, Grand Mourner] her beloved fair.
Cloyster'd in dust: nor [without company]
Dy'd she alone, a hundred seem'd to dye
In Sorrow with her: The Suns self was gone
Fast from her Funerals, and Night came on
To bring her Sables. O what new-rais'd Train
Of Goblins strook my sight? which rov'd the Plain.

With

With such dire ceremony, ruful guize,
As each did his own Funeral solemnize.
Lo, Deaths *March* twas; First went young
(swains by pair
Each crownd with mournful *Cipress*, Usherers
To th solemn Herse: Those four next to'
[that led
Bare *Shieldes*, where pictur'd on a cole-black
[bed
A pale dead Virgin lay, prepar'd as twere
To Bridals, and which beauteous did appear
Even in death; by deaths black arms imbract;
And over, in white Characters was plac't,
This, this my Lover, this my Bridal: So
All pass'd along. But following th' Herse
[did go
A single Swain; how dismal-lookt slow-pac't
Trust bulk of wretchedness, ore whose face
[cast
A meer Life-damp; seem'd Ghost to th'
[Corps before;
Sighs storm'd about him, whilst he drench'd
[their shore
His torrent eys; and thus would needs excel,
Surpass in grief: About his Hat mix'd wel
Forsaken Willow, Cipress; where above
This written, *Deaths my Rival*. Next does
[move
The

e Virgin-train in white, which Centers
[bear
rk-vail'd like Doomſ-day Planets. Torch-
light there
orc't frightful Noon. And thus they ſoftly
[trace
ire meaſure! how unwilling!) to th ſad place
here they muſt leave their ſlumbring
Nimph behind
enrich the Covetous Earth; which (half
ſtruck blind)
he Youth beheld, never ſpake Sorrow more
hen now in ſilence: different Paſſions
[more;
ere ſighs, there tears, pale looks there, yet
[all one
Conſort in Grief: This, general alone,
All look'd their utmoſt, til now loſt the ſight,
With whom their eyes ſeem'd as 'twere bu-
ry'd quite,
And (blind to upper things in earth beneath
Are following her, as if in ſpite of death
Would ſtil enjoy: with many a pitying muſe,
The rude ore churliſh mold ſhould ſo abuſe
That dainties Body, which (though one
more nice)
Las, now complain'd not; but death-tranced
[lyes.
What

What Maiden adiews; what tears! Swain
kiss'd the Place;
All saying, Richer-gem'd Earth never was.

Epitaph.

HEre Chastity it self doth lye,
And Beautie's self; whom never eye
Nor tongue could tempt as yet love;
Till Death his violent dart did prove;
And (powerful'st) won unto his Bed:
Though She was even then Ravished.

Phillis

PHILLIS Complaint.

WHy was I born,
Or not born blind?
Though thence the scorn
Of whol mankind,
Their Pity, or Wonder;
That so I'd Womans Shape nere known;
Or seeing, had I mist but one,
But Thine alone;
We only kept asunder:
O then kinde Heavens you had blest
A Soul of Anguish,
That's now condemn'd to find unrest
And endlesly must languish.
Rebuke my Heart, or more
These Plaints give ear:
Since thou hadst rather die, through her rejection
Then not have seen so rare perfection.

III.

On

On his retired Lady.

I.

WHen you were born, sure nature meant
some other thing:
Whose meaning (by your discontent)
You'd peevishly to ruine bring.
The Sun doth shine, the stars hold forth,
And so should you expose your worth.

II.

Why should a face, whose Magick may
weak souls recruit,
The vallens and the veils obey?
Or wherefore should that tongue be mute,
Whose harmony to mortal ears,
Sings high and sweeter than the Sphears?

III.

Each for her Countreys welfare, came
into the earth.

Part of her best parts we may claim;
As truly forfeit at her birth;
Yet since forc'd boons are not so kinde,
We'l beg your face, and vertuous minde.

IV.

As did Medusa by her eyes,
to stones convert
Each daring look; so thine surprise;
But 'tis not with Medusa's art:
As flesh to stones transformed she,
So stony hearts are broke by thee.

V.

Thy sacred lips, where cherries grow,
set round with Rose,
Whence loves Elestars freely sigh,
Why in recess constrained sooner
Sure he shall die unblest that misses
The famous booty of your kisses.

VI.

Will thy bright beams bevre the less
for lighting me?

[illegible] Crowe,
[illegible] thy comliness?
[illegible] thy dignity?
[illegible] no longer in the Mines?
[illegible] chast, and yet she shines.

VII.

Pray what avails Diana's *tower?*
Or what consent
Is touched in the golden shower,
While she receives imprisonment?
The life of beauty's by resort,
Not in the prison, but the Court.

VIII.

That being thine Eastern cheeks abroad,
And hide no more
Whose Gems each judgement would applaud,
Why in recess constrain adore.
[illegible] and we in this
[illegible] the greater share in bliss.

IV.

Will thy bright beams [illegible]
for lightning [illegible]